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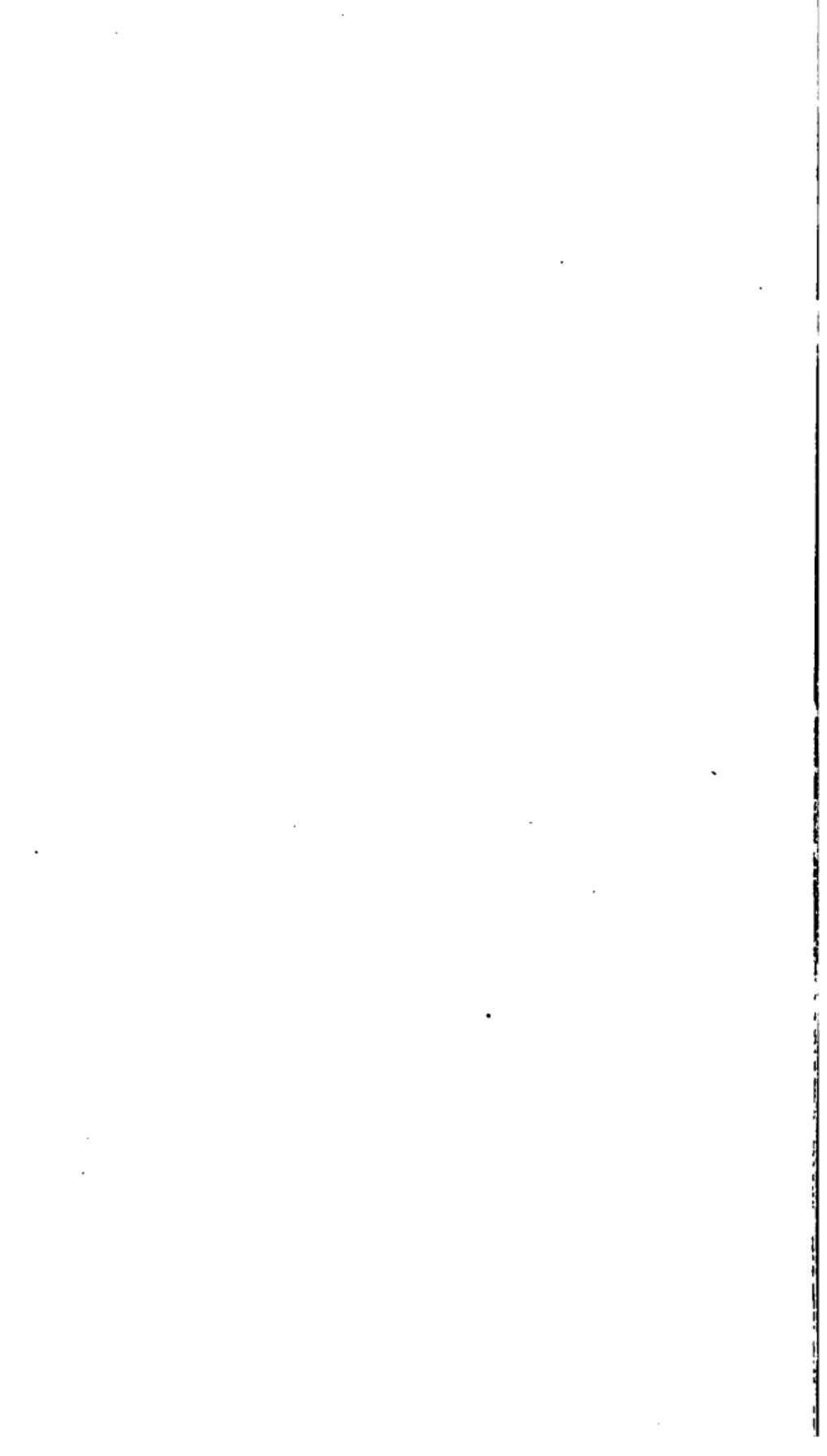


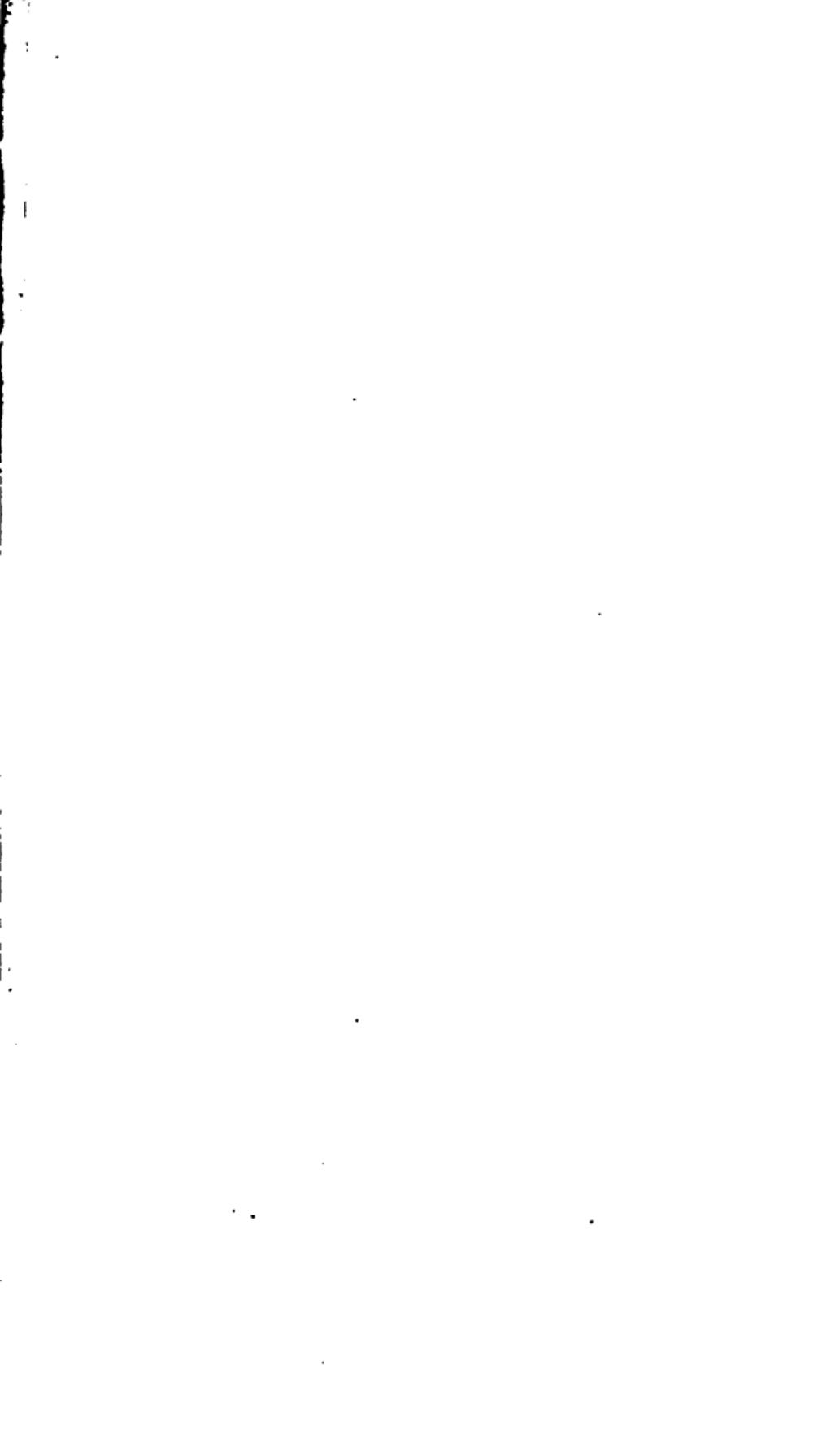
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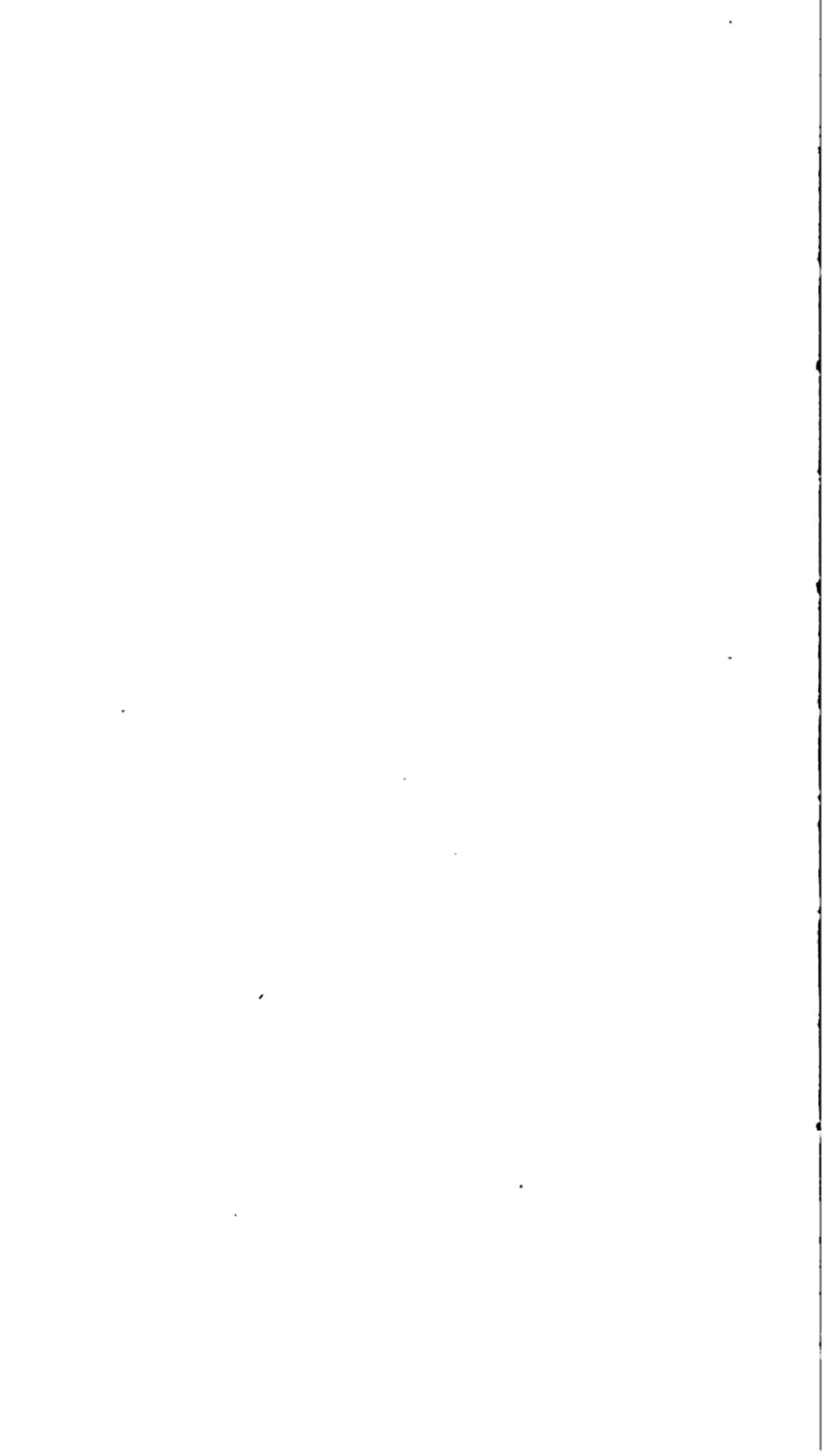


M. Wilcox

A handwritten signature of "M. Wilcox" in cursive script, with a small "B" written below the "o" in "Wilcox".







**THE LITTLE FLAG ON
MAIN STREET**



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THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

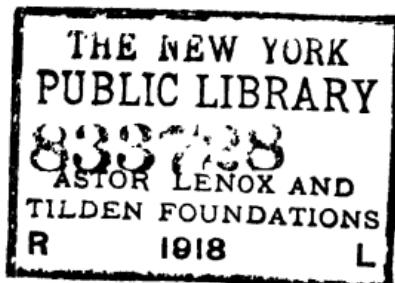
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NEW YORK
1917

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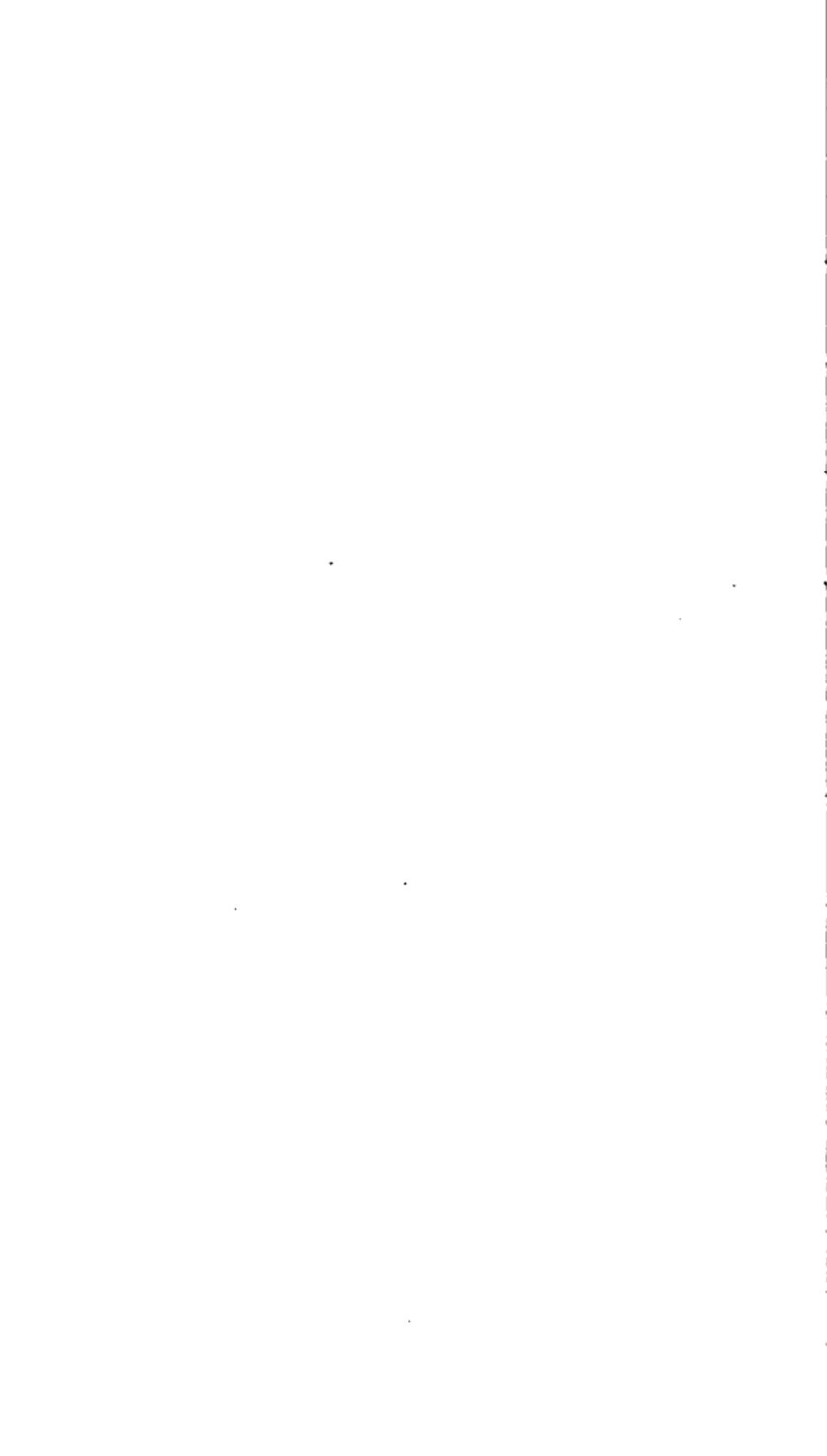
Set up and electrotyped. Published October, 1917.
Reprinted November, 1917.

NORWOOD PRESS
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
NORWOOD, MASS.

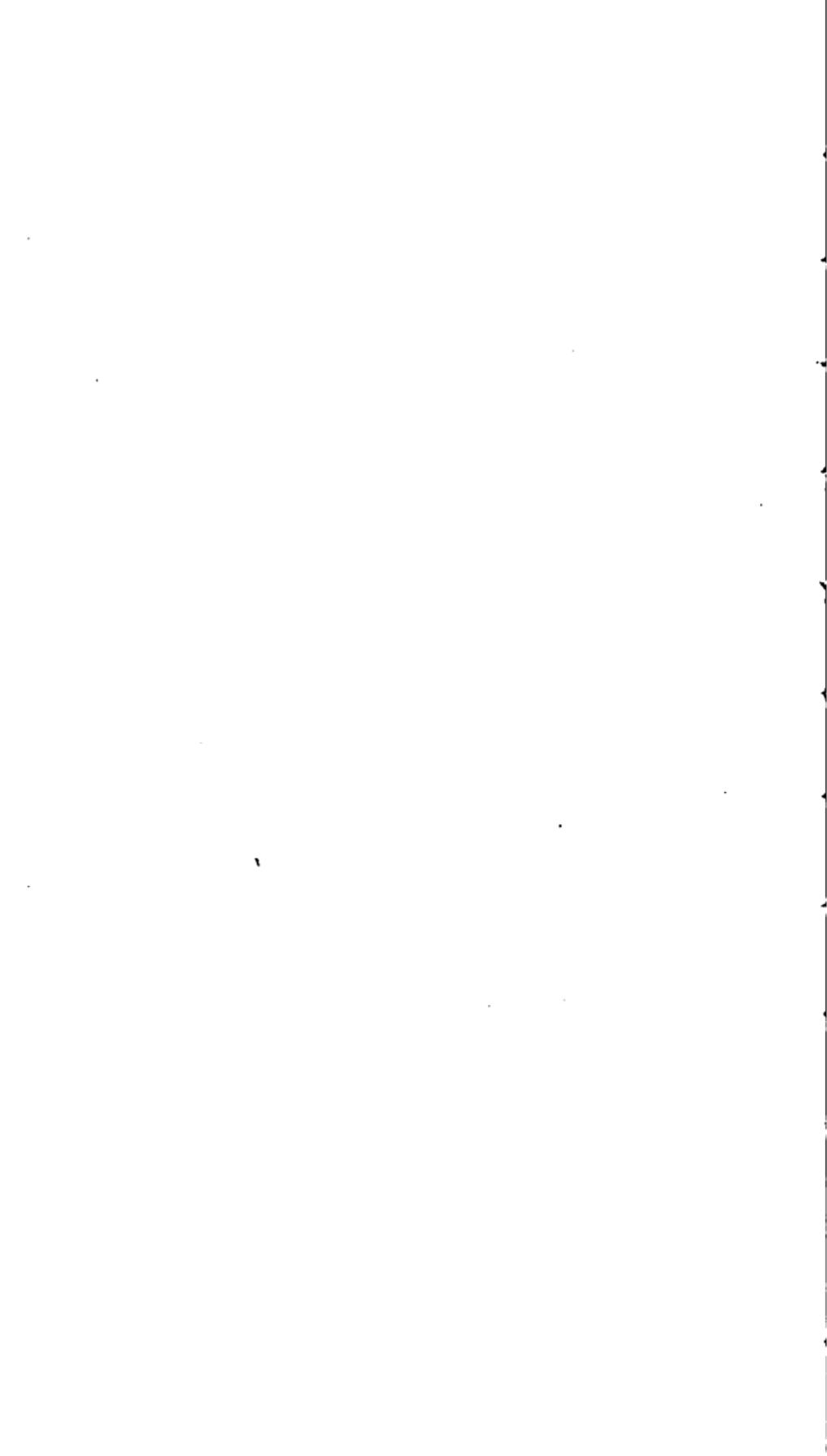
Norwood Press:
Berwick & Smith Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

TO
UNCLE SAM
AND
HIS ALLIES

Granician, Oct. 20/18,



The author is indebted to the following publications for permission to reprint poems first appearing in their pages: Life Publishing Company, Judge, The New York Sun, The New York Times, Ainslee's Magazine, The Bookman, London.



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET	1
MADE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY	3
THE TREES OF FRANCE	5
WHERE DO YOU LIVE?	7
THE FOREIGN BORN	9
THE CASE OF JIM	10
NEMESIS	12
THE CONQUERING BLADE	14
THE NATIONAL ARMY	15
THE SUPERMAN	17
HEROES	18
THE LITTLE TOWNS SERENE	19
OUT THERE	21
THE BUTTERFLY	23
THE COMPLEAT LETTER WRITER	24
THE IMPORTANT MATTER	26
HE DONS THE KHAKI AND AWAY	27
THE OUTRAGE OF THE SEA	28
THE CHEATED	29
WHEN THE WAR WILL END	30
GRANDDADDY DOLLAR	32
THE FOOLISH DEER	34
AT THE GATE	35
BELGIUM	37
THE SHUTTLES OF THE SEA	39
THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN	41

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
A ROUND TRIP	42
PRIVATE DAY	43
THE LITTLE COTTON FLAG	44
THE DEAD PEACE	46
IF THERE BE FLAMES	47
FRANCE	48
HER SOLDIER	49
THE RAINBOW DIVISION	51
THE SOAP BOX PROTESTS	52
THE SONG OF THE FORTY-EIGHT	54
THE BATTLE HORSES	55
THE YOUTH THAT DIES	57
ANCONA	59
RECRUITING SERGEANT MOTHER	61
THE MAP O' THE HEART	62
SMOKES FOR THE SOLDIER	64
BIRNAM WOOD	66
WHO WILLED THE WAR TO BE	67
EDITH CAVELL	68
THE PATRIOTS	70
WHERE THE FLAG SHOWS	72
THE TEST SHIP	73
LOOKING FOR DADDY	75
LIBERTY'S DYNAMO	77
THE ANGELS OF CONSCRIPT	78
A FLAG FOR RUSSIA	80
THE LIGHTS ARE OUT	82
SOLDIERS	84
THINGS YOU CAN DO FOR THE COUNTRY	85
UNCLE SAM'S DYES	86
THE WORSHIP OF THE KINGS	88
THE FLAG	90
THE HOUSE OF GOD	92

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
HUSHABY	93
THE METTLE OF A MAN	95
SEEING THE GUARD OFF	96
THE CHILDREN OF THE BRAVE	98
THE GREEN BLADES	100
GIFTS FOR UNCLE SAM	102
THE SOLDIER	104
MY BROTHER DIED	105
EASTER 1917	107
EARS TO HEAR	109
THE LIBERTY BABY BONDS	111
WHEN JOHNNY GOES MARCHING OFF	113
THREE GRAINS OF CORN	115
KHAKI	116
NATURE'S WAY	117
WHAT IS WANTED ON THE GERMAN THRONE	118
THE SERVICE FLAGS	119
MOVING TIME	120
HELPING WASHINGTON	122
COMPANY FOR DINNER	123
SPEEDING THE SOLDIER	124
WHAT DOES IT PROFIT A MAN?	126
FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEA	127
REALIZATION	128
THE BUTCHER OF BELGIUM	129
RHEIMS CATHEDRAL	131
THE ARMY OF THOUGHTS	133
THE SINEWS OF WAR	135
THE SUBSTITUTE LIFE	136
YOU	138



THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

The little flag on Main Street
Is floating all the day,
Its stars are fairly sparkling,
Its stripes are glad and gay.
It stops the passing zephyrs
To tell them as they dance:
“I have a battle brother
Who flies today in France!”

The little flag on Main Street
Is streaming all the night,
It hails the wheeling planets
Upon their glowing flight.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

It tells the joyful tidings
And calls to all its kin:
“I have a battle brother
Who marches to Berlin!”

MADE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

“Made safe for democracy” seems mighty fine,

But high-soundin’ politics ain’t in our line.
‘Tain’t that made us chuck up our jobs and enlist

For givin’ the Kaiser the taste of a fist,
But this is the notion stowed under our lids:
We’re makin’ it safe for the Missus and kids.

They’ve taken the men folks and used ‘em for slaves,

They’ve driven the women to worse than their graves,

They’ve taken the babies and cut off their hands

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

And murdered the bravest and peacefullest
lands,
And this is the notion tucked under our lids:
It's somebody's Missus and somebody's
kids.

We ain't any better—it might have been us
And that's why we're doin' our bit in the
fuss,

We don't know the rules of the high-soundin'
game,

Perhaps in the end it all comes to the same,
But this is the notion stowed under our lids:
We're makin' it safe for the Missus and
kids.

THE TREES OF FRANCE

Hush, little leaves, your springtime dance,
Sigh for the murdered trees of France.

Rooted deep were their sturdy forms,
Joying both in the sun and storms.

Friends were they of the peasant folk,
Friends whom the birds and kine bespoke.

Ever they gave, while slow years wheeled,
Shade and shelter and fruitful yield.

Spoil are they of destroying lust,
Not of the battle stroke and thrust.

Prone they lie on the Hun's black path,
Done to death by his thwarted wrath.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

They are a garden still to see,
They are the world's Gethsemane.

Hush, little leaves, your springtime dance,
Sigh for the murdered trees of France.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

“Where do you live?” says the War God
grim,

“Is your life in your loving heart?
Then I can slay whom you hold most dear
And strike in your vital part.”

“Where do you live?” says the War God
grim,

“Is your life in your belly fat?
Then I can starve till you cry aloud
And harry you sore thereat.”

“Where do you live?” says the War God
grim,

“Is your life in your vaunted brain?
Then when your theories come to naught
I prove that your boast is vain.”

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

“Where do you live?” says the War God
grim,

“Is your life in your dauntless soul?
Then are my terrible weapons dulled—
I pass and must leave you whole.”

THE FOREIGN BORN

Who are the foreign born? Not those
Whose pulses to Old Glory thrill,
Who would protect it with their blows
From insult of a tyrant's will.
What though their bodies sprang from earth
Upon a strange and distant strand,
'Tis here their spirits found their birth,
And they are natives in the land.

Who are the native born? Not those
Who falter in the Flag's defence,
Who would not die against its foes
And count the joy a recompense.
What though the ancestry they scorn
Runs backward to the Pilgrim band?
Their spirits have been elsewhere born
And they are aliens in the land.

THE CASE OF JIM

Ma's a-callin' from the milkhouse,
Callin' stern:
"Jim, yer lazy good fer nuthin',
Come and churn."

Pa's a-callin' from the cornpatch,
Callin' loud:
"James, yer hulkin' stupid loafer,
Time yer ploughed."

Woods are callin' from the trout brook:
"Hear the stream?
"Son, yer poor tired lazy feller,
Come and dream."

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

France is callin' from the battle
Day and night:
“Man, come here and join your brothers,
Come and fight!”

Stranger, if we just swapped places,
Put it clear,
Which of all the four a-callin'
Would *you* hear?

NEMESIS

He married her because she cooked
Such steak as heart could wish,
But now without a protest brooked
She sternly feeds him fish.

Ram it down!
Cram it down!
Damn it down!
She feeds him fish!

He spliced with her because she made
Light biscuits every morn,
But now as patriotic aid
She grimly feeds him corn.

Poke it down!
Choke it down!
Stoke it down!
She feeds him corn!

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

He wedded her because he sighed

For grub like other chaps,

But now he finds his dream denied,

She darkly feeds him scraps.

Rush it down!

Crush it down!

Squash it down!

She feeds him scraps!

THE CONQUERING BLADE

Said the Plough to the Sword:
“I must turn into you,
Till the Hun and his horde
For our mercy shall sue.”

Said the Sword to the Plough:
“I must turn into you,
For the battles hang now
On what harvests may do.”

So the Sword and the Plough
Are become as one blade,
That the tyrant may bow
And the Furrow be made.

THE NATIONAL ARMY

America has come into her own.

**Now when she needs defenders for her
breast,**

**Now when she craves a sword for the op-
pressed**

**She need not beg to make her peril known.
Her bugle blast through all the world has
blown**

**And every wind, north, south and east
and west**

**Has caught the summons, carried her
behest,**

Till every ear has heard the trumpet tone.

**She waits no more on head or heart or hand,
She waits no more in supplication bowed
For those whom her necessity must use;**

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

The millions throng today at her command
Bringing all gifts with which they are
endowed;
Serene, she sits in majesty to choose!

THE SUPERMAN

His vessels in the harbours lie,
Strong hulks by eager waters lapped,
Yet all within their engine rooms
Is scrapped.

His treaties lie for men to view,
High thoughts in lofty language wrapped,
But all within the heart of them
Is scrapped.

And he himself has mighty thews,
A form that seems of strength unsapped,
But all within the mind of him
Is scrapped.

HEROES

Ready with his eager life
Enemies to quell,
Giving all for Uncle Sam,
Facing shot and shell,
Bound to march on any foe
Though the road be rough,
Cheer for Johnny Leg-away,
Made of hero stuff!

Yet remember while you thrill
To the tramping feet,
In the breasts of stay-at-homes
Soldier hearts may beat.
Battles of the commonplace
Rage the struggle through,
Cheer for Johnny Peg-away,
He's a hero too!

THE LITTLE TOWNS SERENE

In the little town serene
Changed is each familiar scene.

In her borders overnight
The cantonment springs to sight.

In a twinkling of amaze
Overturned are rooted ways.

She whose sons sought larger scope
Sudden swarms with youthful hope.

She who once was all in all
Suddenly becomes too small.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

This is the transforming part
Wrought by darlings of her heart.

God! What change the Hun must mean
To the little towns serene!

OUT THERE

Out there, the flame swept trenches,

Back here, the smiling field;

Out there, the battle harvest,

Back here, the fruitful yield.

Oh, you who dwell securely

With all that life can give,

Remember those for ever

Who died that you might live.

Out there, the crowded moment,

Back here, the tears and fears;

Out there, the great adventure,

Back here, the empty years.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Oh, you who are immortal,
Remember from on high
The weary ones remaining
Who lived that you might die.

THE BUTTERFLY

We thought she was a butterfly,
An empty-headed fool
Who sought the gay frivolities
When sterner aims should rule.

She craved the honey from the bloom
And never sipped the gall,
The meaning of the tragedies
She never knew at all.

But now her son is khaki clad—
Of unimagined things,
How strange to think a butterfly
Should give an eagle wings.

THE COMPLEAT LETTER WRITER

Willy, just as he was starting
On his orgy,
Quite by way of pleasant parting,
Wrote to Georgie.

Furthering his bloody passion,
Dark and tricky,
Willy in his friendly fashion
Wrote to Nicky.

Striving that he might be counted
Goody-goody,
Willy as his ardour mounted
Wrote to Woody.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Meanwhile, tracing words to linger
Dread and stilly,
On the wall the Unseen Finger
Wrote to Willy.

THE IMPORTANT MATTER

Dame Nature worked in her shop with care
To fashion a flower wondrous fair,
She made it perfect in shapeliness
And robed it rich as a monarch's dress.

“Nay, Mother,” I cried, “why toil to speed
A fragile beauty that none shall heed?
For thrones are crashing and nations slay
And dead men carpet the earth today.”

The Dame paused not at her task, but said:
“Now what to me are your wars and dead?
My plans were made an eon ago
That this identical bud should blow.”

HE DONS THE KHAKI AND AWAY

He dons the khaki and away,
He is a man, a youth no more;
Old memories arise to say
I somehow lived this day before.

Thus babyhood was left behind
With the first sturdy step he took,
And, not long since, I call to mind
The day when boyhood he forsook.

So I take comfort in the past,
The future brightens in its ray;
Each change is richer than the last—
He dons the khaki and away!

THE OUTRAGE OF THE SEA

Where is thine ancient majesty, oh sea,
Thy might untamed?

What bitter bondage hath been laid on thee?
How art thou shamed?

Thy rolling deep, that once rocked only
dead

Of storm and wave,
Now holds the murdered whom the Hun has
sped
Unto the grave.

And were that not enough thy pride to bow
Before all lands,
Thou art the basin wherein Pilate now
Doth wash his hands.

THE CHEATED

A dirge for those who fall
Before they meet the foe,
Who have no chance at all
To deal them blow for blow.

Their crimson sacrifice
Devotion's measure fills,
Yet fate to them denies
Reward of battle thrill.

So weep beside their pall
That death has willed it so;
A dirge for those who fall
Before they meet the foe.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END

The war will end, they blithely sing,
Next fall, next winter or next spring.

As though the forces thus unpent
Could in so brief a time be spent,
As though it marks not all who strive
And all who witness—all alive,
And sets its seal upon the morn
Of generations yet unborn.

Nay, when ten thousand years have fled
And all forgotten are the dead,
If one who passed in battle hate
Still holds that thought beyond the Gate,

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Still holds that lust beyond the dawn,
The war will still be raging on.

The war will end, they blithely sing,
Next fall, next winter or next spring.

GRANDDADDY DOLLAR

Granddaddy Soldier is plumb full of fight,
Wants to lick Germany clear out of sight,
Fire in his bosom but snow on his locks,
Wrathful is he that the age limit mocks.

Granddaddy Workman is brimful of zeal,
Wants to help freedom with shoulder to
wheel,

Railing is he at the fate that appoints,
Vim in his heart but a creak in his joints.

Granddaddy Dollar is chock full of joy,
Says he is feeling as young as a boy,
Young as the youngest of dollars is he,
Strong are his sinews as any can be.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Back in the sixties he pitched in the fray,
Laboured for Liberty, clearing the way,
Now with the youngest of soldiers and men
Granddaddy Dollar is joining again.

THE FOOLISH DEER

A foolish deer once missed his guess
Because of unpreparedness.

Said he, "I don't believe in such;
I think they praise it overmuch.

"The forest is so very wide
No enemy could reach my side.

"And if they did, I have my horns.
A weapon no one ever scorns.

"And should that fail, I have my heels:
A single glance my speed reveals."

Alas, the deer who proudly spake
Was soon a hatrack and a steak!

AT THE GATE

Three spirits stood at Peter's Gate
Their earthly records to relate.

“I was efficient,” said the first,
“I cared not how abhorred and cursed,
By what black ways of heart and soul,
It mattered not to make my goal.”

“I was deficient,” said the next,
“I never solved the problems vexed,
I had no might to stay the wrong,
By weakness I betrayed the strong.”

“I was sufficient,” said the third,
“I sought not to be seen nor heard,

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

My power broke oppression's thrall
And gave protection to the small."

Three spirits stood at Peter's Gate,
One passed within—the others wait.

BELGIUM

With accuracy of the stars
Upon their courses whirled,
The Prussian timed his bloody way
To march around the world.

Precisely rolled his ordered hosts
Across the plain and hill,
And then uprose a Joshua
And bade the sun stand still.

Red days and nights the German beast
Was halted on his track;
Red nights and days at fearful cost
He held the legions back.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

He turned them from the Paris gates,
He stayed their hosts in France
And England's soil escaped their sword,
America their lance.

Now if within the glass of Time
The sands could backward run,
What moment of them all would be
Regretted of the Hun?

Not those in which he cast the die
To work his fiendish will,
But those when Belgium uprose
And made the sun stand still!

THE SHUTTLES OF THE SEA

Columbus carried the first shining thread,
A golden strand of bright discovery,
And ever since the shuttles of the sea
Across the ocean's vasty loom have sped.
The *Mayflower* spun and freedom's colours
spread;
The warships wove that glory's gleam
might be;
The merchantmen made stuff of industry,
And pirate Huns wrought murder black and
dread.

Now are we blest of all the toiling line,
Our eyes the finished fabric soon shall
greet,
Our generation see the perfect plan.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Go forth, our ships, upon the Great Design
And to the last red tracery complete
The pattern of the liberty of man.

THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN

With faith that has never been shaken,
With certainty never dismayed,
The windows of Paris are taken
To see the triumphal parade.

But what of the hosts who have perished
To bring such a glorious fame,
Who sacrificed all that they cherished
Too soon for the victor's acclaim?

With faith that can never be broken,
Perhaps, from the blue vaulted arch,
The windows of heaven are spoken
To witness the victory march.

A ROUND TRIP

In swaddling clothes he came across the sea
 In flight from wrong,
Before his eyes all vast blue mystery,
 Waves rolling long,
And in his ears an Old World melody—
 His mother's song.

In khaki he goes back across the sea
 To smite a wrong,
Before his eyes the ocean majesty
 Outraged too long,
And in his ears "My Country, 'Tis of
 Thee"—
 His mother's song.

PRIVATE DAY

The days are the armies of Time
Who win all the battles at length;
A week is a corporal's guard,
A month is a company's strength.

A year is a regiment brave,
A decade becomes a brigade,
And out of a century's roll
His mighty division is made.

So swift is promotion attained,
A private with fate in his hand,
A private—a day in the ranks
May spring to the highest command.

THE LITTLE COTTON FLAG

In a narrow shaft of daylight
Where its folds in darkness drag,
From a tenement back window
Hangs a little cotton flag.

Distant far from the parading,
To the sounding cheers unknown,
Yet its stars are one in glory
With the silken banners flown.

One with those above the White House
And the Capitol's great dome;
One with those above the soldiers
And the warships on the foam.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Safe for ever is our nation
And our honour shall not lag
While the tenement back window
Flies the little cotton flag.

THE DEAD PEACE

Hurled from our world awry,
A world of reason fled,
The white Peace rides the sky
A moon all cold and dead.
Men think she has not sped
Beyond their childish grasp
And by their yearning led
They stretch vain hands to clasp.

We see her shine on high,
Far beams on us are shed,
But even while we cry
The hands we stretch are red.
For her our hosts have bled,
Now rolls war's crimson flood;
The Dead Peace overhead
Still draws the tides of blood.

IF THERE BE FLAMES

If there be flames in nether hell
For those who served the devil well,
The arch-assassin's pyre shall be
Of driftwood gathered from the sea.

The masts and spars he sent to doom
Shall burn for ever in the gloom,
Shall lick about his shrivelled soul
While all eternity shall roll.

And this shall be his agony:
Strange pictures in the fire to see,
Amid the flames that dance and leap
Dread forms he murdered on the deep.

FRANCE

We looked on France as an April sky
Where frivolous hues are seen on high,
Nor dreamed that hers are the clouds of
gloom
Which hold the purposeful bolts of doom.

We looked on France as a sunset sky
Where glorious tints are born to die,
Nor dreamed that hers are the ordered stars
Which fight in their courses to win her wars.

But now henceforth when we look on France
Another sky shall our eyes entrance,
For out of her stars and out of her storm
The rainbow spanning the earth shall form.

HER SOLDIER

He is sharp and keen for battle,
I am dull and sore afraid,
For my love would hold him safely
As the scabbard holds the blade.

Stainless is his shining honour,
Shall it be by me betrayed?
Shall I rust his manly mettle
As the scabbard rusts the blade?

Lest he feel my arms a prison,
Lest with scorn I be repaid,
I must give him to the conflict
As the scabbard gives the blade.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Mine to feel no thrill of warfare,
Maddened charge or dashing raid;
Mine to wait with empty longing
As the scabbard waits the blade.

For my soul shall cling beside him
Through attack or ambuscade,
Close, but powerless to shield him
As the scabbard from the blade.

THE RAINBOW DIVISION

In the war clouds dark
It has had its birth
And the Hun shall mark
Where it touches earth.

For his lines shall bend
And his ranks shall reel;
At the rainbow's end
Is a pot of steel.



THE SOAP BOX PROTESTS

I here protest against my fate
And bitterly I wish to state
The uselessness of living straight.

I passed a life devoid of blame,
The world is better for the same,
Sweet cleanliness was all my aim.

Then came the great indignity,
Quite publicly, for all to see,
A dirty traitor mounted me.

Without consulting me at all,
With simply monumental gall
He used me for a pedestal.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

He poured forth treason till I cried
Because I had no soap inside
To cleanse the soul within his hide.

And yet despite what I am for,
Despite my never-ending war,
They dub him "Soap box orator."

THE SONG OF THE FORTY-EIGHT

All you mighty suns
 Rolling in the sky
Haven't hushed the guns,
 Haven't seemed to try.
Hey, you Pleiades!
 Hey, you Milky Way!
Don't you look on these
 Jealously today?

Eight and forty stars
 In Old Glory's field
Force the Kaiser's tars
 Human rights to yield.
Hey, you Jupiter!
 Hey, you Saturn great!
Doesn't envy stir
 For the Forty-eight?

THE BATTLE HORSES

Once they ploughed the fruitful field,
Helped the reaper gain his yield,
Came to eve with sweet content,
Browsing when the day was spent.
Now they lie with mangled hide,
Fallen in the carnage tide.

What to them the sounding phrase
Which explains the bloody ways?
Honour, place or racial stem,
Slav or Teuton, what to them?
Torn and dead or death denied,
Fallen in the carnage tide.

Now they wage the battle hot,
Plunging under shell and shot,

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Charging in the cannon's breath
Bearing dealers of the death,
Till in agony they bide,
Fallen in the carnage tide.

Theirs was not the chance to say
Words of peace to save the day.
They who could not hush the drum,
Whose Creator made them dumb,
Yet are one with those who ride,
Fallen in the carnage tide.

THE YOUTH THAT DIES

In years to come, upon the German land
Perhaps some plague shall lay an awful
hand,

A scourge mysterious that fills the grave
And she shall cry for scientists to save.

But Fate shall answer to her call forlorn:
“Behold! the genius whom you crave was
born,

But you shall seek for him in vain. He
died,

A drummer boy in Marne’s red battletide.”

Nay, even now the State makes mortal cry
For mighty minds to save her lest she die,
For great hearts, tender, patient, strong and
clean,

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

For wisdom such as earth has seldom seen.
And if, despite the courage of her sons,
Her glory passes in the breath of guns,
May Fate not answer: "Lo, the needed man
Died long ago, a stripling at Sedan!"

ANCONA

Oh coming tide, what have you seen
On rolling wastes afar,
That you should break in such a moan
Upon the harbour bar?

“I looked upon a fiendish sight
That made the angels weep;
The women and the helpless babes
Foul murdered on the deep.”

Oh ebbing tide, where go you forth
So silent, sad and stern?
What is the mission you perform
Before you shall return?

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

“I go to sing the requiem
Each day I shall repeat
Until we both shall yield them up
Before God’s judgment seat.”

RECRUITING SERGEANT MOTHER

The hour has struck for duty,
To be a soldier true;
Recruiting Sergeant Mother,
The army looks to you!

There comes a call for sailors
On freedom's ocean blue;
Recruiting Sergeant Mother,
The navy looks to you!

The sons of other mothers
Go forth to guard you too;
Recruiting Sergeant Mother,
The nation looks to you!

THE MAP O' THE HEART

Old worlds are new and new worlds are old,
To each Columbus are paths unrolled,
By the map o' the heart.

The seas are narrow and streams are wide,
Mountains unite and plains divide,
By the map o' the heart.

The capital city of all the world
Is a little town in a valley curled,
By the map o' the heart.

The latitude is the breadth of love,
The longitude is the height above,
By the map o' the heart.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Through blinding desert or trackless foam,
One never is lost if he but roam
By the map o' the heart.

SMOKES FOR THE SOLDIERS

When he can pull on his pipe
 Solace and help to evoke,
When the brief moment is ripe
 Whom does he see in the smoke?

Maybe a sweetheart or wife
 Left when the battle guns spoke,
In his full hour of life
 Whom does he see in the smoke?

If you have given him true,
 Maybe—it isn't a joke—
Maybe 'twill be even you
 Whom he will see in the smoke.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Through the blue wreaths to his glance

All are a glorified folk;

Sometime and somewhere in France

Whom will he see in the smoke?

BIRNAM WOOD

So, royal murderer, you thought
To strew the sea with dead
Till not a single prow was left
To sail the pathway red.

But wooden ships are building now,
Stout vessels, thousands strong,
With sides of oak and tall pine masts
The ocean ways to throng.

And terror shall besiege your heart
And tell you all is vain
When you shall see that Birnam Wood
Has come to Dunsinane.

WHO WILLED THE WAR TO BE

Who willed the war to be,
Who called the world to slay,
If he be mad, before God's throne
For saneness he shall pray.

Who knows what he has wrought,
Who knows the bloodstained way,
If he be sane, before God's throne
For madness he shall pray.

EDITH CAVELL

On law and love and mercy
Was laid the German curse
When to her execution
Was led the British nurse.

In brutal might they thought her
Of help and friendship shorn;
John Brown, Jeanne d'Arc, all martyrs
Companioned her that morn.

A harmless, tender woman,
They took her to her doom;
A dread, resistless spirit
She rises from the tomb.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Still Germany shall fear her,
For since that bloody dawn
Through all the earth that trembles
Her soul goes marching on!

THE PATRIOTS

The earth was thirsty—it fain would drink,
A patriot watered it well with ink,
For he was a critical cautious man
With many a well considered plan,
But out of the mud there came to pass
No greening beauty, no blade of grass.

The earth was thirsty—the drouth of years,
A patriot watered it well with tears;
A good man he, with a tender heart,
Who knew not war was a needful part,
But out of the sodden soil there grew
But rosemary sad and grieving rue.

The earth was thirsty—it craved a flood,
A patriot watered it well with blood,

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

The blood of valorous clear-eyed youth
Who died for honour and Flag and truth,
And laurel sprang from the crimsoned sod
And lilies of peace grew up to God.

WHERE THE FLAG SHOWS

There's a certain sort of glory
That is throbbing in the street;
You can read the battle story
In the faces that you meet.

They have hung the colours gleaming
From their offices and homes,
And the Flag is proudly streaming
From the many towered domes.

For the battle fire has known it
Where the cannon thunder rolls,
And the citizens have flown it
From the windows of their souls.

THE TEST SHIP

She has laid her path in the Kaiser's wrath,
A free American ship,
Where assassins lurk in the ocean murk
And the bolts of death let slip.

Have we done our share who have bade her
dare,
A free American ship?
We are safe at home while she braves the
foam,
Our service is of the lip.

So honour and hail to the men who sail
The free American ship,
For their only might is an ancient right
And the Flag that will not dip.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

They have gone as test for the beast to wrest,
A free American ship;
Lest their blood lie red at our door instead,
Pray heaven protect their trip!

LOOKING FOR DADDY

Their curly heads beside the lamp,
His little lass and laddie,
With fat forefingers on the map
They daily look for Daddy.

And somewhere underneath the sea
A submarine is steering,
A man beside the periscope
For Daddy ever peering.

Or it may be that up above,
The vaulted heaven streaking,
An airman courses through the sky
For Daddy also seeking.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

God grant they find the sole success,
His little lass and laddie,
Who gather close around the map
And daily look for Daddy.

LIBERTY'S DYNAMO

What if the foe is strong,
Centuries grey in ruth?
Marches against the wrong
Billions of years of youth.

Filled with the joy of life,
Filled with its fire and glow
Forth go the boys to strife—
Liberty's dynamo.

THE ANGELS OF CONSCRIPT

Since earth has been peopled,
Since time first began,
The Angels of Conscript
Have called unto man.

Through mystical regions
The Angel of Life
Has sounded the bugle
To enter the strife.

With blasts of his trumpet
The Angel of Death
Has gathered his levies
From all who draw breath.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Now, joining the others
In clarion tone,
The Angel of Duty
The summons has blown.

A FLAG FOR RUSSIA

The flag of revolution
Has served its appointed end,
It is laid aside
With the days that died
With the dust of time to blend.

A flag for the new republic!
A banner to wave on high,
As a streaming sign
Of the boon divine
In a free and storm cleansed sky.

Look up to the heavens, Russia,
Whence the Stars and Stripes were snatched,
Where the lamps of night
And the morning light
Make a glory still unmatched.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Now weave you the seven stripings
From the rainbow's shining span,
Let their gleaming dyes
Make a flag that flies,
A symbol of hope to man.

And then let its folds triumphant
Float over the tides of blood
Till it tells at last
That the clouds are past
And there shall be no more flood!

THE LIGHTS ARE OUT

The lights are out in London town
To thwart attack;
The darkness settles thickly down
And all is black.

The hearth's warm glow is veiled from sight
And hid away;
The scholar's lamp is wrapped in night
And gives no ray.

The altar taper has no gleam
Where faith may stir;
The beacon guides not with its beam
The wanderer.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

These sparks divine of central Light

War covers well,

And leaves alone to cleave the night

The flames of hell.

SOLDIERS

One plies his dull civilian task,
 The duty of the commonplace;
Not his in glory's ray to bask,
 Not his a hero death to face.
And though he goes his daily way
 And to his fellows gives no sign,
Awake, asleep, by night and day
 His heart is on the firing line.

One does his bit in trench or charge
 For conquest of the enemy,
And every passing hour is large
 With mighty opportunity.
He sounds his guns to heaven's dome,
 Yet to his mates he gives no sign,
His heart is in the hills of home,
 Far distant from the firing line.

THINGS YOU CAN DO FOR THE COUNTRY

The fighting man can die for it;
The saving man can buy for it;
The aviator fly for it;
The thrifty cook can fry for it;
The thirsty can go dry for it;
The daring man can spy for it;
The egotist can I for it;
The diplomat can lie for it;
The farmer can grow rye for it;
The workingman can ply for it;
The very babies cry for it;
And all of us can try for it.

UNCLE SAM'S DYES

Now Uncle Sam is colour free
And needs no dyes from over sea.

His violet is purple worn
Where every man a king is born.

His indigo is from his sky
Where shine his kindred stars on high.

His blue is from his inland sea
Where peaceful waves lap endlessly.

His green is from the forests wide
That clothe his mighty mountainside.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

His yellow is the golden grain
That covers all his western plain.

His orange is the treasure trove
From Florida's enchanted grove.

His red is from the splendid flood
Of eager patriotic blood.

On coal tar explanations frown—
He simply boils his rainbow down.

THE WORSHIP OF THE KINGS

Now joy has come to the world of men
And the sky exultant rings,
Behold, to the Prince of Peace again
Comes the worship of the kings!

And who are the monarchs? Who are these
By the millions thronging round?
The kings of the world's democracies,
Where every man is crowned.

Their frankincense and their myrrh and
gold—
What gifts do they bring to cast?
Their lives and fortunes and all they hold,
Their war for a peace to last.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

The great shells crash and the cannon roar
And the angel chorus sings,
Behold, to the Prince of Peace once more
Comes the worship of the kings!

THE FLAG

Oh, say, can you hear,
In hush of the morn,
The words of the Flag
As daylight is born?

“Lives one 'neath my stars,
Breathes one 'neath my fold
Who lives not for me
Till death strikes him cold?

“Then turn him adrift
On seas whence he came,
My stars cannot pierce
The depths of his shame.”

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

The winds tell it well,
The message is clear;
'Tis thus speaks the Flag,
Oh, say, can you hear?

THE HOUSE OF GOD

A shudder runs through all the world,

A horror of the wanton wrack

When on the House of God is hurled

The vandal's impious attack.

We sorrow for the man-made walls,

Yet strangely feel a lesser guilt

When with each slaughtered soldier falls

The temple God, Himself, has built.

The history of ages vast

The dream-like pile has seen and known,

The dim, rich centuries o'erpast,

The ancient beauty of its stone.

But in God's living house abide

The eons since the cave man free,

And in the throbbing walls reside

The golden future that shall be.

HUSHABY

All the lands are filled with soldiers,
Only one is safe and nigh;
Go to sleep, my little baby,
Ere the bolts of battle fly
And destroy the magic country
Where the Sand Man's beaches lie,
Hushaby!

All the clouds are filled with fighting,
Only one is safe to try;
Go to sleep, my little baby,
Ere the navies of the sky
Shall destroy the sunset towers
Crowning Sleepytown on high,
Hushaby!

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

All the seas are red with conquest,
Only one no foe may spy;
Go to sleep, my little baby,
Ere the warships grim reply
And awake the drowsy waters
Where the slumber sea makes sigh,
Hushaby!

THE METTLE OF A MAN

You need a standard to compare
Before you know just what you are;
You have to see the mercury
To tell how cold or hot you are.

And also, when it comes to wealth,
You never know just which you are;
You have to see another's gold
To feel how poor or rich you are.

And so it is with bravery,
You do not know how meek you are;
You measure with another's steel
To find how strong or weak you are.

SEEING THE GUARD OFF

And did you see the Guard today,
The khaki army on its way?
And did you note from first to last
How much alike each lad who passed?
With thrilling heart did you behold
The endless stream of youth that rolled,
The valiant hosts of marching men?
You counted thousands? then—ah then,
 You had no badge.

And did you see the Guard today,
The khaki army on its way?
Some came before—you saw them not,
And some came after—you forgot,
But one stood out from all the rest
As though alone he sought the quest,

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

**As though alone he marched to win,
You saw him only—he was kin,
You had a badge.**

THE CHILDREN OF THE BRAVE

A brave man went to battle
And left no son behind;
A coward stayed home safely
To propagate his kind.

And then the land lamented
Her noblest men were gone,
Were dead with no descendants
To hand the torches on.

But in his valiant passing
The soldier left a deed
To serve as inspiration
For Time's unborn to heed.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

When in his generation
He heard the trumpets cry,
The coward's son, responding,
Went bravely forth to die.

THE GREEN BLADES

Adding the strength of their blades to the combat,

Sharpened for freedom and keen for a blow,

Forth from the scabbard of earth where they rested

All the green swords have been drawn on the foe.

Pressing and swaying in undulate masses,
Over the acres in mighty expanse,

Bright in the sunlight and white in the moonlight

All the green lances are riding for France.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Ready to fight in democracy's battle,
Fixed for the thrust with a soldierly sign,
Bristling and shining in phalanx on phalanx
All the green bayonets point to the Rhine.

GIFTS FOR UNCLE SAM

What gifts have we for Uncle Sam
In this, the hour we hear his call?
What offerings are at his feet
From each and all?

Those who have come from foreign lands
Where ancient ties of blood hold fast,
Where olden memories are strong,
Give him the Past.

Some bring the sacrifice supreme,
The golden years they shall not live,
For those who die in battle smoke
The Future give.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Let all cast out their selfish aims,
The small ambitions that hold sway,
With one accord and heart and soul
Give him Today.

THE SOLDIER

When he leaves for battle
Cheer him on his way,
Weep for him tomorrow,
Smile for him today.

When he falls in battle,
Hero of the fray,
Smile for him tomorrow,
Weep for him today.

MY BROTHER DIED

My brother died in Belgium
By heartless foemen slain,
And yet I went my easy way
And took my pleasure day by day
Nor felt the lonely pain.

My brother died in Scarborough
Struck down without a chance;
I had but little loss to tell
Nor mourned him wildly when he fell,
Foul struck, in ravaged France.

They drowned my brother in a ship
By murder 'neath the wave
And straightway then my grief unpent,
My heart with bitter woe was rent
And would avenge his grave.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Yet while I mourn uncomforted
And cry to heaven's throne,
How many deaths my brother died
Before I missed him from my side
And knew him for my own.

EASTER 1917

While the flags of freedom's world
To the battle smoke unfurled,
There was one we loved the best,
Dear to us beyond the rest,
Which was missing.

Would it never fly again
For the liberty of men?
There, where others never quailed,
Had the Starry Banner failed
In its glory?

Many bonds its folds restrained,
Held it as an eagle chained,
And we watched and waited long
Till the fear grew chill and strong
It had perished.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Lo, in splendour now it comes
To the throbbing of the drums,
And rejoicing peoples cry,
As it streams across the sky,
“It is risen!”

EARS TO HEAR

**Once in a pause
Occurred a sound;
I asked the cause
Of all around.**

**“Philosopher,
What has it been?”
He answered, “Sir,
You heard a pin.”**

**“Oh angel, tell
What may it be?”
“A sparrow fell,”
Soft answered he.**

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

“Oh citizen,
Pray make it known.”
He told me then:
“A falling throne.”

THE LIBERTY BABY BONDS

Liberty's babies are sturdy to view,
Every one's home should have room for a
few.

Very good babies, so healthy and bright,
Never will keep you awake in the night.

Very bright babies who talk all the day,
You can repeat the smart things that they
say.

Very fine babies—pure gold is their worth,
None are more precious in all of the earth.

Very rich babies will soon be their stage,
Joy of your prime and the prop of your age.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Very strong babies, all sure to grow up,
When we have conquered and peace fills our
cup.

WHEN JOHNNY GOES MARCHING OFF

Pa sees it at a glance,
He thinks he'll be a General,
With Joffre and Haig and Pershing pal,
Somewhere in France.

Ma fears he has no chance,
The bombs will follow on his trail,
The shells will hit and never fail
Somewhere in France.

Sis feels a far romance,
She thinks he'll find a pretty wife
Between the intervals of strife
Somewhere in France.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Bub sees it at a glance,
They've picked the family muttonhead,
He's old enough to go instead
Somewhere in France.

THREE GRAINS OF CORN

“Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn!”

Thus, in her plaintive accents,
Pleaded the child forlorn.

Little it was she begged for,
Little enough she craved;
Tiny the dole for hunger,
Thus would her life be saved.

Then said her heartless parent:
“None of your nonsense now;
Shut up and eat the plateful,
Corn is the proper chow!”

KHAKI

**Forth go the men in khaki,
Drab as the soil beneath them,
Matched with the stretch of desert,
One with the great waste spaces
Melting away in distance.**

**Under the soldier tunic
Beats in each man a spirit
Matched with the mighty purpose,
One with the Will Eternal
Over creation brooding.**

**Then when the ranks of khaki
Break on the blinded foeman
He shall behold with terror
That which from sight was hidden;
Earth and the whelming Judgment!**

NATURE'S WAY

When war is done and guns are still,
Then Mother Nature works her will.

Above the graves where soldiers sleep
Her tender grasses softly creep.

The blackened ruin, stark and grim,
She wraps in ivy green and dim.

The grisly horror in the mind
With valour's laurel is entwined.

And then her children cry, consoled:
"She heals the scars that peace may hold!"

But ask the Mother—what thinks she?
"If they forget, more wars can be."

WHAT IS WANTED ON THE GERMAN THRONE

From out that madhouse which is Germany
Armed lunatics have issued on the world;
In each crazed brain some bloody phantasy
Whose wild disorder on mankind is
hurled.

They think they have become the Deity,
In wanton torture find a fiend's delight,
And all delusions hold red rivalry
To waste the earth insanely in their might.

In vain to cry against a monarchy—
Long since an abdication has been shown;
In vain to prate of a democracy
Till Reason is established on her throne.

THE SERVICE FLAGS

I see the sky at midnight
And hail the flags afar,
From each of heaven's windows
There flies a service star.

What mean the shining symbols?
The watchers in the sky
Have proudly hung the banners
While hope and fear runs high.

I think the many mansions
That fly the stars of light
Have some one with the colours,
Have some one in the fight.

MOVING TIME

Your Uncle Sam is busy now, for moving
time has come,
He packs his good old uniform, his sabre
and his drum;
He packs the family portraits that have
hung upon the wall,
George Washington and Lincoln and his
heroes one and all.

Quite certain rays of Liberty are needed
everywhere,
He also packs his precious lamp with most
uncommon care,
And last he takes the family bird, the pet
with eagle scream,
And piles them all into the van and wallops
up the team!

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Where is his new abiding place? where
will his home be made?

He goes into the biggest house in which he
ever stayed,

For when beside his Allies' flags his stand-
ard is unfurled,

He moves from out a continent and moves
into a world.

HELPING WASHINGTON

Think that Washington is slow?
Saints above!

Want to get 'em on the go?
Want to shove?

Want to hurry up the fight,
Speed it far?

You can push with all your might
Where you are.

Want to help for woe or weal?
Listen, Bub:
Put your shoulder to the wheel,
Not the hub.

COMPANY FOR DINNER

Our cousins are coming to dinner,
The larder is showing a lack,
So pass the kick under the table
And signal the family, "Hold back!"

You, Mother, decline the potatoes,
And Father, go light on the meat;
And Sis, have a heart for the sugar,
And Bub, skip the bread when you eat.

There—France, have some more, let us beg
you;
John Bull, let us fill up your plate;
And Belgium, another good helping—
Gee folks, but to have you is great!

SPEEDING THE SOLDIER

Sun just won't be solemn
When it sees the column
 Wheeling into line;
Knows a way that's fitter,
Starts right in to glitter,
 Simply has to shine.

Moon just won't be cranky
When it sees the Yankee
 Marching off to France;
Every moonbeam, happy,
Feels so proud and scrappy,
 Simply has to dance.

These who see the saddest,
These who watch the maddest

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Of our earthly sights,
Want to glow for glory
Blazoning the story
When the soldier fights.

WHAT DOES IT PROFIT A MAN?

He dreamed a dream of Prussia's rod,
The world in his control,
And, worshipping a Prussian god,
Feared not to lose his soul.

He gained the countries which he sought
And made the earth run red,
But by the hellish deeds he wrought
His soul is forfeited.

Now by avenging armies pressed
He counts the fearful cost
And knows within his shaking breast
Both world and soul are lost.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEA

The troubled deeps have known
The wrath of warring man;
Far plunged beneath the wave
He works his bloody plan.

The surface billows know,
Above their curling crest,
The thunder of his guns,
The wreck of his unrest.

How must the ocean yearn,
How greatly longs the sea
To feel the peaceful steps
That trod on Galilee.

REALIZATION

The bloody war rolls on
To reach the hidden end;
We speak of legions gone,
But cannot comprehend.

We cannot grasp the woes
So greatly multiplied,
There is no man who knows
A million men have died.

But by the hearts bereft,
The gravestones scattered wide,
Ah me, the millions left
Who know one man has died!

THE BUTCHER OF BELGIUM

Von Bissing, the Butcher of Belgium, is dead.

He has passed while his ears heard the conqueror's tread;
He has cheated the hangman and died in his bed.

The might of the Allies was pressing him well,

The guilt of his conscience their shout could foretell,

And the cry on their lips was of Edith Cavell.

His flesh has escaped from the penalty earned,

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

His tigerish being to dust has returned,
But Nemesis cannot be shaken or spurned.

For memory's strands twine a rope that is
strong,
And hung by the noose of each outrage and
wrong
The soul of Von Bissing shall dangle for
long.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

Long centuries ago a holy man
Sang out his soul in ecstasy to God;
So sweet the rapture of the music ran,
An angel froze it to the hallowed sod;
Love, faith and worship all took form on
high,
And Rheims Cathedral towered to the sky.

It stood through all the ages of mischance,
Knew kings and peasants, lords and ladies
fair.

It looked upon the sainted Maid of France,
And sinners found a sanctuary there;
So, for the sake of His most holy name,
The foulest vandals spared it from the
flame.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

Then came the Germans, with the breath of
hell

The walls were melted, and the music fled;
For all the beauty that men loved so well,
A Demon's discord cleaves the air instead.
And what was once a prayer to God's far
throne,

Stands now, an awful blasphemy in stone.

Prize poem in *London Bookman*.

THE ARMY OF THOUGHTS

A thought will hit when a shot will stray,
A thought will stand when a fort gives way,
A thought will feed when no bread is nigh,
A thought will live when a man will die.

So the German cruisers watched in vain,
The thoughts sped over the rolling main,
The searchlights tattered the clouds of night
But missed the hosts on their onward flight.

So the picket walked on his lonely beat
And heard no warning of tramping feet;
The sentry stood in the life-thrilled air
But gave no summons of "Who goes there?"

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

But out where the battling armies met,
Out where the slopes with blood were wet,
A corps half beaten and lost, despite,
Felt strangely strengthened to win the fight.

And far away in a ruined land
Where a mother wept with her orphaned
band,
A strange balm soothed her and hushed her
cry,
And she dried her tears, though she knew
not why.

THE SINEWS OF WAR

Want to punch the Kaiser
Way across the pond?
Cultivate a wallop,
Buy a biceps bond.

Want to grip the Kaiser
Like a bulldog fond?
Get yourself in training,
Buy a biceps bond.

Want to kick the Kaiser
Downward and beyond?
Get a bunch of muscle,
Buy a biceps bond.

THE SUBSTITUTE LIFE

The cost of meat went soaring up
Beyond what he could make,
So Jones was forced to live upon
A substitute for steak.

The cost of rent went mounting high
Beyond his humble dome,
So Jones was forced to dwell within
A substitute for home.

The cost of flour rose aloft
Past all his purse could meet,
So Jones was forced to use instead
A substitute for wheat.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

At last poor Jones himself went up
And fared extremely well;
“Walk in,” Saint Peter said; “you’ve had
Your substitute for hell.”

YOU

Were German Zeppelins in the sky
Above your own home town,
You would not think the bombs on high
Were meant for Smith or Brown;
You'd quick decide,
“Fritz wants my hide.”

Were German warships off our shore
To speak in thunder tones
You would not think that mighty roar
Was meant for Jinks or Jones;
You'd say, “That din
Is for my skin.”

Were German soldiers on our soil,
If you beheld the Hun,

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

You would not think their plotted spoil
Was Binks or Robinson;
You'd mutter, "Whee!
The boche wants me."

Now Uncle Sam sends forth the call
For flyers, soldiers, tars;
Don't think he wants the rest at all
To guard Old Glory's stars,
But holler, "Gee!
That call means ME!"

Printed in the United States of America.



THE following pages contain advertisements of a few of the Macmillan books on kindred subjects



NEW VACHEL LINDSAY POEMS

The Chinese Nightingale

By VACHEL LINDSAY,
Author of "The Congo and Other Poems"

Decorated Cloth, 12mo., \$1.25

This is Mr. Lindsay's first volume of poems since *The Congo*. In addition to the title piece, a very remarkable and much discussed "prize poem," the collection includes: *To Jane Addams at the Hague*, *The Tale of the Tiger Tree*, *Our Mother Pocahontas*, *Mark Twain and Joan of Arc*, *Two Old Crows*, *The Raft*, *The Ghosts of the Buffaloes*, *The King of the Yellow Butterflies*, *The Potatoes' Dance* and *The Booker Washington Trilogy*. A number of the selections are in the manner which Mr. Lindsay has made peculiarly his own. "Poems to be read aloud," he calls them. Some of these he has employed with great success on his own lecture tours, particularly *Simon Legree*, *John Brown*, and *King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba*.

PLAYS BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

Granny Maumee: The Rider of Dreams: Simon the Cyrenean

Plays for a Negro Theatre
By RIDGELY TORRENCE

Boards, 8vo. \$1.50

Mr. Torrence has caught the real spirit of negro life and imprisoned it in these plays. Presented successfully in New York City in the spring of this year by a company of negro players, they were seen to be both dramatic in situation, true in character and appealing as to theme. The success which they enjoyed in production is sure to be duplicated in their printed form; in fact, it may be that their certain literary values and their interpretation of the philosophy of a remarkable people, are even more clearly revealed than they were behind the footlights.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

NEW POEMS BY SARA TEASDALE

Love Songs

By SARA TEASDALE

Author of "Rivers to the Sea"

Decorated cloth, 12mo., \$1.25
Leather, \$1.75

A book of exceeding charm is this collection of love poems by the author of "Rivers to the Sea." If we take the critic's word for it, Miss Teasdale's popularity today and her position as one of the foremost America lyricists are due to the exquisite finish, the delicacy of phrasing and the beauty of sentiment of her poems of love. These distinguish the book which has just preceded the present one and these qualities similarly distinguish her more recent magazine verse. This fact makes particularly welcome this new collection which, besides including the author's later work, embraces a number of selections from her earlier writings.

By the Same Author

RIVERS TO THE SEA \$1.25

"It is poetry of a limpid, liquid quality."
Her poems do what poetry supremely
should do; they sing.—*Reedy's Mirror*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

The Collected Poems of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, 1904-1917

With frontispiece portrait of the author

Cloth, 12mo., \$2.00

Here are brought together all of Mr. Gibson's writings which he wishes to preserve, including *Borderlands and Thoroughfares*, *Daily Bread*, *Womankind*, *Fires*, *Livelihood* and *Battle*. In the collection there is also *Akra the Slave*, a play of some thirty pages, one of Mr. Gibson's earlier compositions which is new to readers in this country.

Ralph Hodgson's Poems

Recently awarded the Edward de Polignac prize for poetry, Ralph Hodgson is already well known in this country. Those who have read, in the little yellow chap books of the "Flying Fame," "The Song of Honour," "Eve," "The Bull" and others will welcome their publication in this American edition. "'Eve,' . . . The most fascinating poem of our time."—*The Nation*.

The Last Blackbird

By RALPH HODGSON

Cloth, 12mo.

The interest aroused by Mr. Hodgson's volume of poems published this year has called for the discovery of some of his earlier work. This volume possesses the charm and lyric sweetness, and in addition the mystical quality which have placed the author in a unique position among contemporary poets.

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A NEW BOOK BY AMY LOWELL

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry

By AMY LOWELL

\$2.50

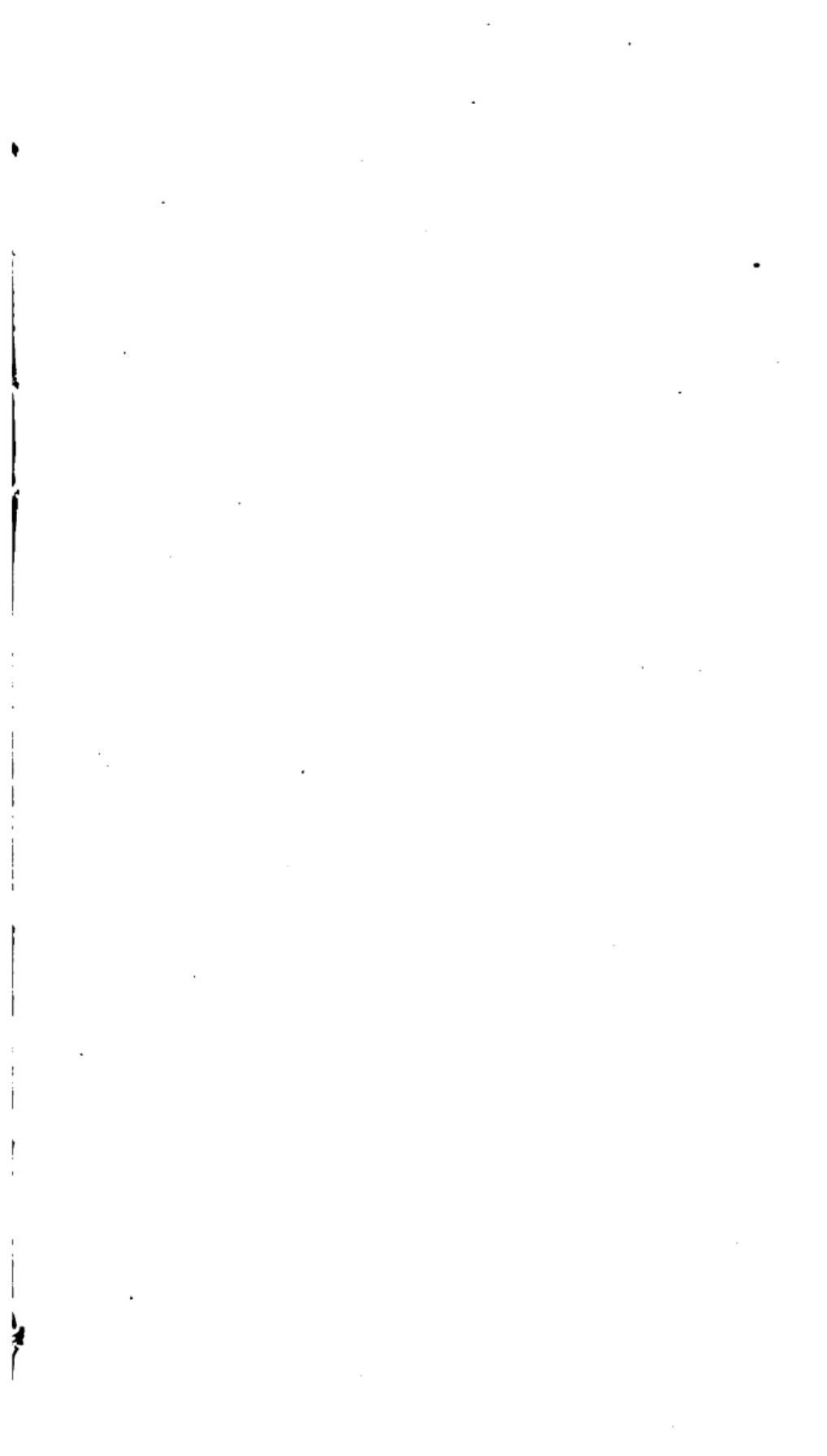
In this new volume Miss Lowell again turns to criticism. For the first time, the new poetic renaissance is considered critically and given a perspective. Taking six leading poets, each a type of one of the trends of contemporary verse, she has written a short biographical account of the man, and a critical summary of his work; relating him to the past, and showing the steps by which he left it to create the present.

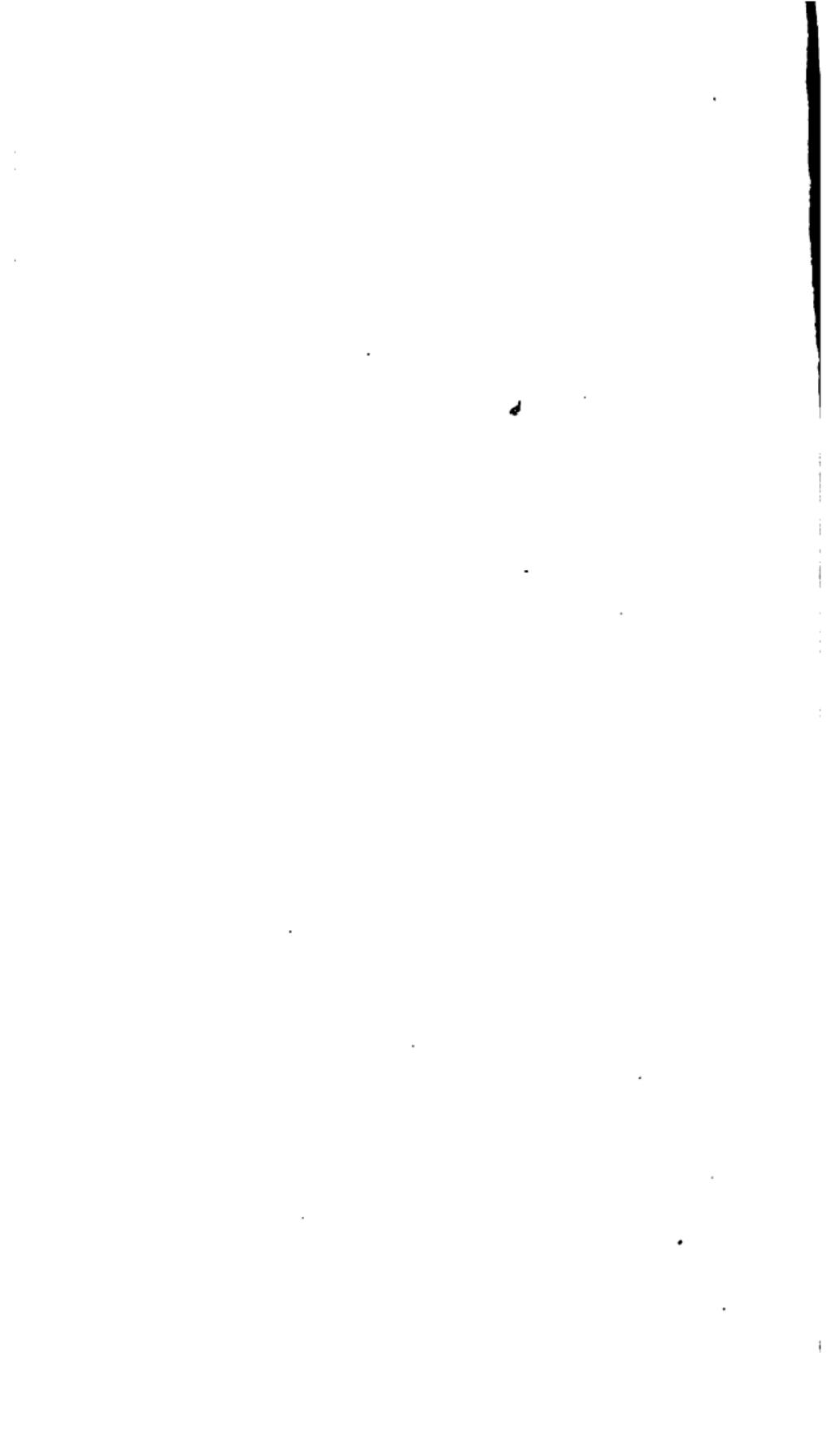
"It would be disagreeably obvious to call Miss Lowell's prose 'poetic.' Its style conceals style; its sculptural simplicity has the regnant beauty of line. . . . Always she aims at the dominant attitude of each of her poets. . . . She achieves chiselled imagery, the reflection in the mirror of words, of the clear, bright flame of immortal genius."

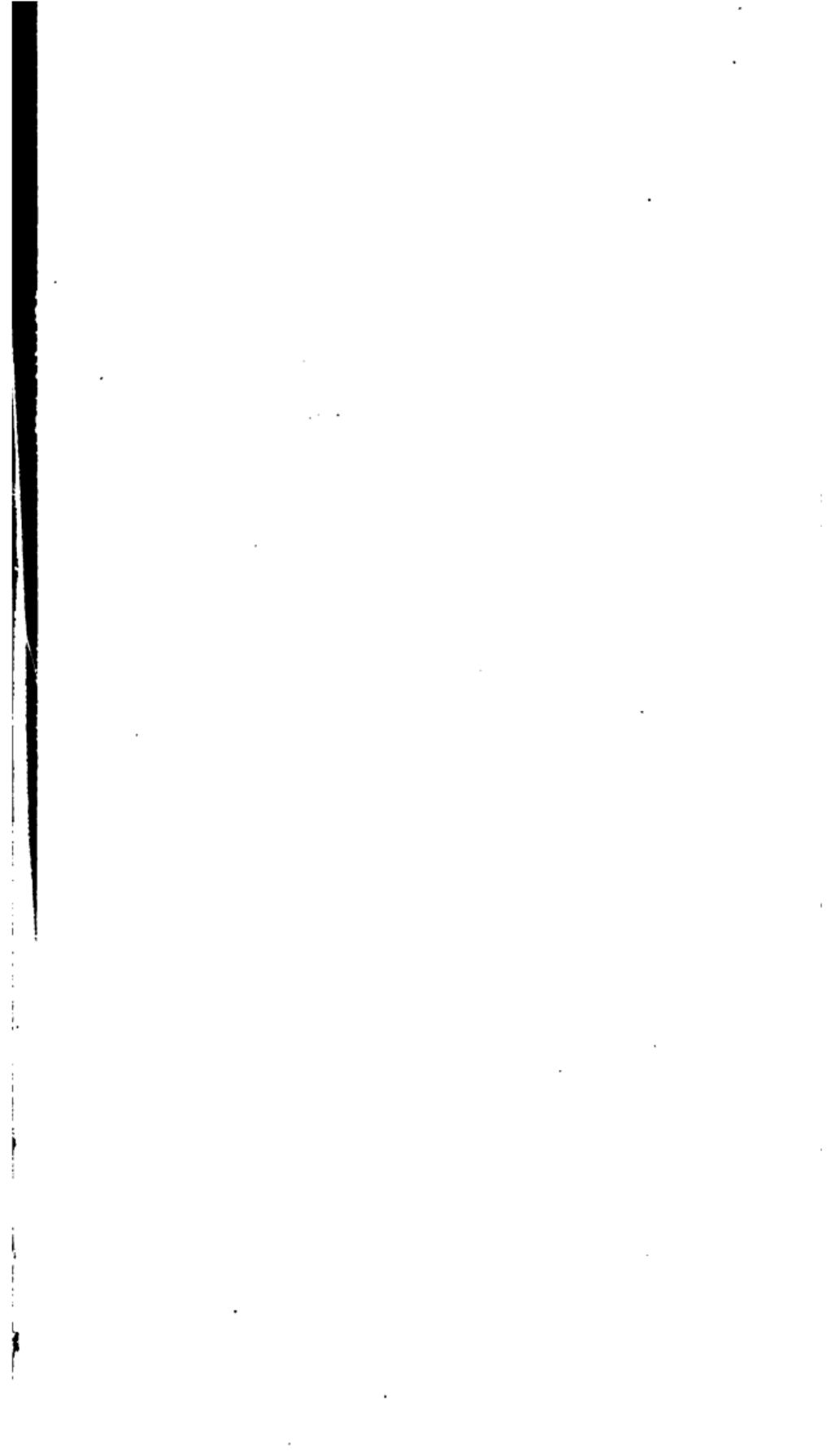
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205







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